ured them to raise him up, to bring his arms, and to decorate him with all his ornaments, that his death might be that of a man. He was particularly anxious that his interment should be accompanied with military honors, and when a promise was kindly given that his wishes should be fulfilled, he became cheerful, and conversed with composure until the moment when he expired without a groan. In conversation with his Indian friends shortly before his death, he said, "I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you will come to your home, they will ask you, *where is Pushmataha?* And you will say to them, *he is no more.* They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods."

The only speech made by Pushmataha, on the occasion of his visit to Washington was the following. It was intended by him to be an opening address, which, had he lived, he would have followed by another more like himself. We took it down as he spoke it. The person addressed was the Secretary of War.

"*Father*—I have been here some time. I have not talked—have been sick. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have, no doubt heard of me—*I am Pushmataha.*

"*Father*—When in my own country, I often looked towards this council-house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face hanging on the head of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father I hang in the head of your arm and look in your face, and now hear me speak.

"*Father*—When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house. I can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers or grandfathers, or any Choctaw, ever drew bows against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

"*Father*—I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I repeat the same about the land east of the Tombigby. I came here when a young man to see my father Jefferson. He told me if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like a man who meets another and says, how do you do? Another will talk further."

The celebrated John Randolph, in a speech upon the floor of the senate, alluded thus to the forest chieftain, whose brief memoirs we have attempted to sketch: "Sir, in a late visit to the public grave yard, my attention was arrested by the simple monument of the Choctaw Chief Pushmataha. He was, I have been told by those who knew him, one of nature's nobility; a man who would have adorned any society. He lies quietly by the side of our statesmen and high magistrates in the region—for there is one such—where the red man and the white man are on a level. On the sides of the plain shaft that marks his place of burial, I read these words: "Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs, who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year 1824 to the government of the United States. Pushmataha was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent in an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man's friend. He died in Washington on the twenty-fourth of December, 1824 of the croup, in the sixtieth year of his age." Among his last words were the following: "When I am gone let the big guns be fired over me."

This chief had five children. His oldest son died at the age of twenty one, after having completed an excellent English education. The others were young at the time of the decease of their father. A medal was sent by the President to the oldest surviving son, as a testimony of respect for the memory of a warrior, whose attachment to our government was steady and unshaken, throughout his life.

The day after the funeral of Pushmataha, the deputation visited the office in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The countenances of the chiefs wore a gloom which such a loss was well calculated to create. Over the face of one of the deputation, however, was a cloud darker than the rest, and the expression of his face told a tale of deeper sorrow. Ask that young man, said the officer in charge of the Bureau, what is the matter with him? The answer was, "I am sorry." Ask him what makes him sorry? The loss, the answer was expected to be, of our beloved chief—but no—it was, "I am sorry it was not me." Ask him to explain what he means by being sorry it was not him? The ceremonies of the funeral, the reader will bear in mind were very imposing. The old chief had said, "when I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me;" and they were fired. Beside the discharge of minute guns on Capitol Hill, and from the ground contiguous to the place of interment, there was an immense concourse of citizens, a long train of carriages, cavalry, military, bands of music, the whole procession extending at least a mile in length; and there were thousands lining the ways, and filling the doors and windows, and then the military honors at the grave, combined to produce in this young chief's mind a feeling of regret that he had not been, himself, the subject of these honors—hence, his reply—"I am sorry that it was not me;" and so he explained himself.

"*As you were.*" During the late war with Great Britain, a dashing belle, who is now an affectionate mother, found her progress arrested as she passed down Court street, in Boston, by a flood which prevented her passage to the opposite walk. She paused to consider her situation, and anxiously looking towards the desired haven when an honest tar, with a canvass hat, and blue ribbon, inscribed—"U. S. frigate Constitution," bore up and reconnoitered her position. Without any apology or ceremony, he encircled her waist with his muscular arm, and wading knee deep through the water, landed lady sensitive on the opposite shore. More vexed than grateful, our belle curled her pretty lip, and said, "you are an impudent fellow, sir,"—"Belay that, my dear," said Jack, "I'll make you fast again." Suiting the action to the word he lifted her the second time, and refording the stream placed her safely again where he first found her, observing with a good natured laugh,—"An you love your moorings so well, hearty smoke my binnacle, but you may lay at anchor there." The above is true. The lady has grown wiser and less sensitive since this lecture on squeamishness was read to her, and she frequently amuses her friends by relating the anecdote.

The oldest man in England, lived to the age of 169; but a Polander to 188.

The greatest number of children having one mother was 36.

From the New-York Advertiser and Express.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

L. M. N. our Canadian correspondent, is a man of genius, and will make the reader *think*. His horoscope is thrown far ahead. Who knows that he may not be in Canada as Austin was in Texas?

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

L. M. N.

MONTREAL March 20, 1837.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Daily Express:

"Why," I hear it asked, "do American newspapers interest themselves in Canadian affairs? The Americans do not want Canada!" I say THE UNITED STATES DO NOT WANT CANADA." "What, want a frigid country, filled with people ignorant of democratic institutions, who speak French instead of English, and attend a Catholic church instead of a meeting-house?" I say "yes, though they may not of late have thought much about it." There are trifling disparagements. They interfered not with the accession of Louisiana, which gave you the command of the great Southern artery of our continent, nor would they with the accession of Canada, which would give you the command of the great artery of the North. Who can calculate what *now are* the advantages of the first?—Who what *may be* the advantage of the second? Would the inhabitants of the valley of the Mississippi, that most magnificent dwelling place ever prepared by God for man's abode, now permit the deputy of a foreign monarch to rule in petty pomp at New Orleans? No. Or will the countless thousands now thronging westward in continuous removal, like the irruptions that overrun the state of antiquity, but with more beautiful designs of providence in their hands, for the old world barbarian was the harbinger of destruction and death—the American democrat of prosperity and life. Will they long permit the presence of a foreign Deputy at Quebec? I answer, THEY WILL NOT. The present frothy Governor of Upper Canada said, in allusion to Americans, in one of his feeble addresses last summer, *Let them come if they dare.* The threat will not be forgotten when the people of Michigan and Wisconsin *are ready*, and should their rifles be pointed Eastward, it would be wisdom in that gentleman rather to resume his old following in the waggon train than to assume the Commander-in-Chief. Nothing can withstand the torrent of American determination; it needs but to *will*, and monarchy, like masonry must be swept from a hemisphere in which it has no inheritance.

'But why," repeate the European, who cannot seperate the idea of acquisition from spoilation, "do the United States want Canada?" They have no crown princes or archdukes to provide for, on the contrary they are annually dividing off new States, without saddling them with tribute or aristocracy." He cannot comprehend the policy of granting to a newly congregated population of 50,000 all the privileges of an old commonwealth. In his opinion, the glory of the old confederation would be exalted by imposing conditions upon these new States that would keep them miserable for a century—*as miserable as a colony of Europe.*

Oh, how peurile, how little, how contemptible does the polity of Europe appear—her fashions and her course of thought—when we compare her trammelled population—her population of inequalities and castes to the men of equal rights—the great people of the West—the free, intelligent, unfettered, disenthralled people of the United States, moving with the invincible march of perfect democracy, to unexampled advancement in social happiness—in national glory—with strides so resistless and so rapid, that the imagination of the astounded beholder gazes with bewilderment as on a living miracle. What becomes of the sovereign princes of ten square miles of the earth's surface—the lords of standing armies of thirty men, cook, groom, butler, and footman, all counted—the breeders of right divine—breeders for greater potentates to perpetuate a race of legitimate imbeciles to rule the destiny of man—when compared to the simple citizen—the freely elected ruler of one of the twenty-six confederate States?" "German gentles are but sand," sang Burns in his advice to King George's daughters. But all this is not exactly pertinent to the "Canada question."

The United States does not want Canada upon European consideration of population or territory, but they want it upon American consideration, for convenience of trade, and as *security against bad neighbors.* They want *the pine forests* of Canada to supply countries becoming year by year dispossessed of this most valuable of all timber, and they *must have* a free access from the producers of flour and pork, to the *fisheries of Newfoundland* and the ocean. I can never look on the map at that dark mass of territory in the north, commencing at the sources of the St. John, and after indenting downwards to the 42d degrees of latitude at Detroit, bearing off again to the 45th degree, from whence it stretches across to the Pacific, hanging over the brighter climes of the United States like a gloomy cloud above the sunshine beauty of a summer's day, without dwelling on the importance of that dreary waste and its straggling population, to those southern regions.

Though the seaboard line of the United States is of enormous length, and cannot be very well fortified, you have nothing to fear from Europe on that side, though all its powers were combined against you. They might command the seas, but no armament, however powerful, could ever cross an ocean of 3000 miles, and make a permanent lodgement on your coast. The power of England could not effect it when the thirteen original states were but a ribbon along the Atlantic, offering nearly the same profile to attack that you now present. Your danger is in the rear. You can never be prepared for war for which it is your motto to be prepared—or peace, as long as a foreign power commands the mighty discharge of all the waters of the north—the grand highway from the ocean to the sources of the Mississippi. *Look upon the map*, and you will at once perceive that Canada must be the theater of warfare and *intrigue* whenever Europe attacks the liberties of America. At present your position is unsafe. The St Lawrence is the *only inlet to the continent.* A chain across the river at Quebec is a *certain* defence against all foreign aggression. A million of soldiers along your present frontier would not be. Extension of dominion usually brings with it extension of frontier, but the acquisition of Canada would reduce yours on the north, from a *thousand leagues, to a mile and a half.*

Apart from this, and supposing that you could build a wall of defence as much exceeding the magnitude of the wall of China, as most of your undertakings surpass the pigmy affairs of the eastern hemisphere, you require the St Lawrence for convenience of trade. God and nature never intended one of the mightiest rivers on the globe for the sole use of a few thousands on the north bank, to the exclusion of the million on the south. By an outlay within the means of an individual state, a ship navigation could be completed by improving the channels and connecting the two rivers St Lawrence and Mississippi, by which its noblest ships could move unmolested by man and unharmed by elements, through an inland course from the Banks of Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico. How stupendous the idea—how feasable the execution—how worthy of the character of your nation—3000 miles of ship navigation through the territory of one people.—Compared to this, how Lilliputian appear the petty Dardanelles and cuttegates over which powers in Europe exert their two-penny dominations. Possessed of it, how you could scorn the offended pride of Europe, its envy and its ire. While the corsairs of these nations prowled the ocean to prey like fishes of the deep, upon one another, your people could securely transport the varied products of your varied climates from south to north, safely, economically, and expeditiously, thro' channels far beyond their greedy grasp. *A padlock at each end would secure the whole line*, and in your front the dense inhabitants would form an invincible barrier, that all the tactics and all the *materiel* of the eastern hemisphere could never penetrate, though all the Kings in Christendom should join in a holy crusade to expell Democracy from the earth by one grand assault upon its most magnificent, most cherished resting place.

Some may say, "we may enjoy by treaty all the advantages of the St Lawrence, although it belongs to a government of aristocrats, and the proximity of aristocrats can never endanger our tranquility." They are wrong—your fathers thought differently.

In that document, which will stand forever a monument, though language and tongues are done away, the asserters of our independence, among the reasons for resistance to the British king, state the following in relation to Canada.

"The abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, *establishing therein an arbitrary government*, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once *an example and an instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies.*

The conductors of the Revolutionary war attempted the conquest of Canada almost before they began to defend themselves—conscious that their perils were passed, their designs secured, when the enemy, dislodged from the rear, could only attack them from the broad and dangerous face of a boisterous ocean. The legislators of the first confederation were equally impressed with the necessity of making Canada a part of the grand family of independent sovereignties, when they ordained by the 11th article, which still remains bound up with your written constitutions—that

"Canada according to this confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, *shall be admitted into, and entitled* to all the advantages of the Union: *but no other colony* shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by nine states."

Your forefathers could distinguish between the straggling outlines of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, incapable of defence, and the compact territory of Canada.—This article was signed on the 9, July, 1778, by men who, in the spirit of the times, were endowed with a preternatural vision: that foresaw the tendency of all their acts, and provided remedies for every contingency that might endanger the working of their new formed design for the perfect government of man. Their wisdom and their foresight has been constantly exemplified in the bursting forth of questions unlooked for, upon points unheeded until they appeared; and rest assured although the necessity of these provisions regarding Canada may not be now apparent to the unthinking, the time is not far distant when they will stand in bold relief as another evidence of the superhuman intelligence of those to whom the western world is indebted for all its glory; of those who erected the only government, a pure democracy, the world ever beheld, to enrapture by the splendor of its course the eyes of all mankind, who can now by degrees bear to gaze upon the refulgence of embodied liberty, which throws into darkness the thrones and the theories that have until our day broken down and brutified the family of man—a race created in the image of its God.

A circumstance unimportant in its results occurred in 1809, and it may serve to show the inconveniences of *bad neighbors*—of a government of aristocrats upon your borders. Permit me then to refer to history.

In the year 1789, I think, a mob in Philadelphia was making some clamor at the passage of a carriage in which was seated a gentleman and a lady, when a good looking Irishman rushed from a wine cellar, and by his exertions, cleared the road. The gentleman, a colonel, called to thank him for his services. He was made a captain—resided for a time at Portland, Maine, and afterwards at Windsor Vermont. I mention this to show that JOHN HENRY was not a man of much consequence. He possessed a good person, good address, little education, and abundence of impudence. Subsequently he found his way into Canada, and was employed in 1809 by the then Governor, Sir James Craig, to *negociate the dissolution of the confederacy of the United States.*

This *honorable* interference of the British Governor of Canada was, be it recollected, in a time of peace, *more than three years before the declaration of war.* Beware of *bad neighbors!*

Henry is said to have been a man of no judgment. It may be so, for he seems to have been imbued with more of the Irishman's impetuosity than the Scotchman's perseverance. He attempted the disolution of the Union with the promise or expectation of a Canadian income of $4000 a year, but not being sufficiently patient or truckling, got nothing. His bosom friend and correspondent in the business, H. W. Ryland, by hanging on to this day, has obtained *seven places* worth an aggregate salary of near *eight thousand dollars per annum.*

Furnished with instructions from Sir James Craig, John Henry left this place for Boston in full faith that the United States were to be reclaimed from their republican backslidings, and again bow the neck to European servitude. A few extracts will explain the expectation of Sir James, and the opinions of his protege.

Sir James, in his instructions, goes upon the supposition, that "if the *Federalists in the United States*" succeed in obtaining "*a decided influence*," they will "*exert that influence to bring about a seperation from the general Union*," in which case Henry was to discover how far "*they would look to England for assistance, or be disposed to enter into a connection with us*," and if they wished to make any "communication with our Government," he was authorized to receive "any such, and safely transmit it to me."

From Henry's communication, I extract the following:—"The Governor of (Vermont) will refuse obedience to any command from the general government which can tend to interrupt the good understanding that now prevails between the citizens of Vermont and his Majesty's subjects in canada." "The State of Vermont may be considered an ally of Great Britain." "Resistance may in some measure depend upon the reliance that the leading men can place of support from his Majesty's representative in Canada." The Legislature of Massachusetts will give the tone to the neighboring States; will declare itself permanent until a new election of members; invite a Congress to be composed of delegates from the Fedral States, and erect a separate government for their common defence and common interest." "*It should be the peculiar care of Great Britain to foster divisions between the North and the South*," and then her Navy would "prescribe the terms upon which the commercial States should carry, and the agricultural States export their surplus produce." This is a fair specimen of the *secrets* purchased by your government. During his stay in Boston, Henry is supposed to have been more occupied with *public women* than with public men. At all events, his mission was a blank. (*a.*)

Although this sounds mighty foolish and mighty frothy, it was warranted by the party language of the times. Yes, when your adventurous seamen were seized like felons—their protections torn, and with bitter mockery thrown in their faces by British Lieutenants, who stepping into an American ship, were at once accuser, witness, judge and captor for any part of the crew, and who while pleading the difficulty of distinguishing an American from an Englishman, on account of language, kidnapped *Danes, Swedes, and other foreigners* on board who could scarcely speak English—when your freeborn seamen were stripped at the gang ways of British ships, and buffeted with rope's ends, or lashed by British boatswain's mates, until life became nearly extinct, because they resisted the outrageous order to imbrue their hands in the blood of their countrymen—when one of your frigates was fired upon in time of peace, as though she had been an oyster scow, and captured, her decks flowing with blood, her crew overhauled with British officers and four of them seized as unceremoniously as watchmen would arrest rioters in a grog shop, one of whom was *hanged*, and the other three although American citizens, dragged away to bondage—yes, when such things were of daily occurrence, the language of party encouraged foreign intrigues.

You are better republicans now. On a recent occasion, however men might disapprove of the position assumed by the head of your administration, all were united in determination to support the dignity of the nation; none basely encouraged intrigues from France, long and anxiously as Louis Phillippe awaited such a favorable event. But be not too confident in your republican unanimity or democratic virtue. *Whatever has been, may be.* Domestic dissentions might again entice foreign interference, and as, rest assured, Canada will be the point from which action will proceed, it consequently would be the part of wisdom, when an opportunity, offers, to make yourselves safe, in a quarter so dangerous to the well-being of democracy in America.

The British king has called the attention of his Parliament to Canadian affairs. The people of Canada will require them to be handled cautiously, and will submit to so much of organic change or temporary interference, as suits their pleasure, and *nothing more.* Canada is not like Ireland, twelve hours from the English coast, and garrisoned by fifty regiments, in addition to an embodied police. Already that indication is universal which invariably marks the birth of the first determination in a people to resist while yet fearful of their own weakness, and ignorant of how far they can depend upon each other.

"For foreign aid and arms they fondly sigh."

A people is seldom known to "sigh" long before they "singly dare encounter hostile rage," trusting to Providence for succor. "Why did we not take advantage of the last war?" has become a daily and general expression. The recognition of Texas is said to have been the last public act of Gen. Jackson—a recognition to the north may not be the last public act of Martin Van Buren.

I am your very ob't. L. M. N.

(*a*) Henry thus describes his scheme in his letter to Lord Liverpool, dated 13th June, 1811:—

"Soon after the affair of the Chesspeake frigate, when his Majesty's Governor-General of British North America had reason to believe that the two countries would be involved in war, and had submitted to his *Majesty's Ministers the arrangement of the English party in the United States* for an efficient resistance to the General Government, which would probably terminate in a separation of the Northern States from the general confederacy, he applied to the undersigned to undertake a mission to Boston, where the whole concerns of the opposition were managed. The object of the mission was to promote and encourage the Federal party to resist the measures of the General Government: *to offer assurances of aid and support from his Majesty's Government in Canada*," &c. &c.

CHARACTER OF THE INAUGURAL.

BY ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S FRIENDS.

We would call very particular attention (says the Boston Atlas) to the article which follows, copied from the 'Plain Dealer.' This journal is edited by Mr Leggett, formerly a co-editor with Mr Bryant of the Evening Post, and eight years a most violent partizan of Gen. Jackson, and advocate on all occasions of the measures of his administration. Mr Leggett went all lengths for Mr Van Buren, before his election. Whether or not he has changed his mind can be gathered from the annexed criticism on the Inaugural Address of the new President. In consequence of its length we omit comments; but advise all our readers to peruse it with the attention it so richly deserves.

Mr Van Buren has delivered an Inaugural Address, which, probably most of our readers have already perused, but which, as a portion of the history of the times, we insert in our paper. It is longer than the Inaugural Address of his immediate predecessor, but does not contain a tithe part of its pith. It professes to be an avowal of the principles by which the new President intends to be guided in his administration of the government; but with the single exception of the principle of opposition to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which it expresses with most uncalled for and unbecoming haste and positiveness, he might, with as much propriety, have sung *Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia*, and called it 'an avowal of his principles.' With the exception of that indecorous announcement of a predetermination to exercise his veto against any measure of abolition which Congress may possibly think proper to adopt during the next four years, the address contains no exposition of political principles whatever. It concludes with a statement in general terms, that Mr Van Buren intends to adhere strictly to the letter and spirit of the constitution; but as this is a duty imposed upon him, in the most explicit manner, by the terms of his oath of office, it cannot be considered of any weight as a separate avowal of the principles by which he will be guided. The address, therefore, as an avowal of guiding principles—save only the principle of extreme opposition, under all possible circumstances, to the abolition of slavery—*is little better than a nonentity.* Mr Van Buren commences his administration as a man of a *single principle.*

One of the administration journals of this city, the Evening Post, excuses the vagueness of Mr V. Buren's address, on the ground that an inaugural speech does not present an occasion for the proposal and discussion of particular measures, which, it thinks, are more properly reserved for an annual message to Congress. We should acquiesce in the justice of this remark, if Mr Van Buren had not himself put this address before his countrymen as "an avowal of his principles;" but having done so, we are compelled to it try it by the standard he has furnished. The Evening Post further says, that for aught it can see, Mr Van Buren "has laid down the grateful duties by which he intends to be guided with as much particularity and distinctness as any of his predecessors." We are afraid the Evening Post, at the time of making this remark, had neither the Inaugural speech of Jefferson nor that of Jackson within the sphere of its vision.

But it is not so much for what it has omitted to say, as for what it says, that we feel dissatisfaction with this inaugural address. We dislike exceedingly both the tone and spirit of its remarks on the subject of slavery. On that one topic there is, indeed, no want, but a superabundance, of "particularity and distinctness." Mr Van Buren is the first President of the United States who, in assuming that office has held up his veto power, *in terrorem*, to the world and announced a fixed predetermination to exercise it on a particular subject, no matter what changes may take place in public opinion, or what events may occur to modify the question on which his imperial will is thus dictatorially announced.

Nothing but the clearest warrant of constitutional obligations could excuse this precipitate expression of a determination to exercise a power lodged in the executive, not for the purpose of holding it up to intimidate a co-ordinate branch of government, and restrain it from the freest exercise of its functions; but for the better purpose of being discreetly used, in the last event, after the subject had undergone investigation and discussion that might be deemed necessary as preparatory to legislative action, and uninfluenced by any premonition or threat from the executive department of government. For Mr Van Buren, standing on the very threshhold of his administration, to announce to the world that he will veto any bill which Congress may pass on a particular subject, is as gross a breach of public decorum, and as violent a stretch of his proper duties, as it would be for the Supreme Court to pass a solemn resolution, declaring that if Congress enacted such or such a law, they would pronounce it unconstitutional, and set it aside accordingly, the moment any question under it should come before them for adjudication. The illustrious man who has just retired from the office of Chief Magistrate has not hesitated to exercise his constitutional negative, whenever called to do so by a sense of duty; but, dictator as he has been freely termed by his opponents, he never so far transcended the obvious bounds of political propriety, as to announce to the people, in advance, that he meant to use that power in a suppositious case.

Nothing, we repeat, but the clearest warrant of constitutional obligation could possibly excuse the step which Mr Van Buren has thought proper to adopt. Is any such warrant alleged? Does the address state any such constitutional interdictation of a legislative power in Congress over slavery in the District of Columbia? Does Mr Van Buren venture to affirm that such a law as he declares his intention of vetoing would be a violation of any article or clause in the Federal compact? No! he believes that such a course will be "in accordance with the spirit which actuated the venerated fathers of the Republic," but does not pretend that such a spirit has made itself palpable and unequivocal in any of the written provisions of the instrument which he has sworn to maintain. If this early announcement of his intentions with regard to one subject which, if raised, he is determined to exercise with the spell of the veto, is justifiable, why not carry out the new scheme of Government and favor the world with a full list of topics, on which Congress must not act without the fear of the President's negative before their eyes? It might save much fruitless legislation to have the predetermination of the executive formally made known on all questions of legislation; but without such an avowal of them, conjecture may go widely astride, since there is no other very certain mode of ascertaining what is or is not, to Mr Van Buren's belief, according to "the spirit which actuated the venerated fathers of the Republic."

Mr Van Buren indicates haste to avow his predetermination on the subject with boldness. It is made in a cringing spirit of propitiation to the south, and in the certainty that a majority of the north accorded with his views. His sentiments on the subject of slavery, so far as can become a question for federal legislation, were all understood before. They had been distinctly expressed, and he had been supported with a knowledge of his opinions on that topic, and a clear apprehension of what would in all probability be his course should his action become necessary. There was not the slightest proper occasion, therefore, for anything beyond a calm repetition of his previously expressed sentiments. The Veto Pledge is the peace-offering of an ignoble spirit to appease the exasperated slaveholders at the south. What a mockery it would now be, if, in the course of the next four years, such a change should take place in the public mind (and such a change is clearly within the scope of possibility) as that a large majority of the people should demand the abolition of slavery at the seat of the federal government, and Congress, in compliance with the demands, should pass a bill to that effect—what a mockery, we say it would be to present the measure to the President for his approval. He would answer, "I am pledged to use my veto." But the opinions of men have changed since that pledge was given. "No matter; it was unconditional, and must be fulfilled." But the facts elicited in the discussion of the subject prove incontestibly that the measure is demanded by a regard for the prosperity of the country. "No matter; I am pledged." But the free states have solemnly resolved that they will no longer be bound in union with the slave states, if the condition of the league requires the perpetuation of slavery in the ten miles square place under the exclusive cont-